

MENT'S MINDS AND SPIRITS MUST MEET BEFORE THERE CAN BE PEACE

(BY H. D. S.)

WHY ANYBODY should think there is going to be an early end to the war in Europe is beyond comprehension. The world is not so very different now from what it always was. It has changed slightly, advanced almost infinitesimally, in thousands of years. War, says one cynical philosopher, is the normal state of mankind; peace the exception. Hardly a year has passed in all historic time without war somewhere on earth; hardly a year, in fact, in which one of the great powers has not been engaged somewhere in killing men for what it deemed to be a righteous, or at least a practical, end.

Great wars often last for many years. Whole generations have passed sometimes without bringing an interval of peace in any time zone. A state of war often exists without continual warfare operations or armed conflict. Historians differ as to what is war and what is not. For example, American historians date the second war with Great Britain as of 1812-15, but British historians date that war as of 1798-1815, during all of which years there were repeated clashes and no definite understanding or established peace. Nations seldom or never "declare war" upon one another, they announce that "a state of war exists," recognizing that it existed before the public recognition and upon reprisal. France was practically in a state of war from 1789 until 1815.

It is true, conditions of war have changed greatly,

in the numbers of men engaged, and in the weapons used. Only 140,000 men participated in the Waterloo campaign, but in the Carpathian campaign alone, this year, from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 men have taken part. Until this war, the question of ammunition has been rather that of small arms than artillery, but this war is being fought so far mainly with artillery, and failure of artillery ammunition may hasten the end of the war long before any other element fails. Napoleon used field guns lavishly, as measured by the usage of that day, but he counted his most formidable artillery arrays in a few hundreds of units, whereas the armies of 1915 count their combined field artillery units by the tens of thousands. And a rapid-fire bombardment nowadays may mean the shooting away of 100,000 shells in an hour by the opposing armies, requiring hundreds of autotanks or scores of freight cars to transport.

But while everything in combat is on a larger scale than before, so are resources measured in larger units than before. Men and material can be had today that could not be had then, transportation facilities are infinitely better, industrial organization is more thorough, resources are better known and more fully developed, science has revealed innumerable ways to substitute one thing for another at need, inventiveness is more acute; and it does not appear that human beings are any less ready to fight than they ever were.

Really, the consideration of material things is of

less moment than consideration of things intellectual, spiritual, and social, when one tries to understand the war and to imagine how it will end. When material fails, there may come about some sort of "peace" that will be nothing more than a truce. The war, in any true sense, is something far deeper than the mortal combat of uniformed men, a test of skill in marksmanship, or a trying out of industrial and financial resources. The European war may cease, in its outward horrors, for a time. But there can never be continuing peace until there shall have been a meeting of mind and spirit among men.

In the long run, the nation that conforms to ultimate right must win. Sometimes it is a very long run, but this is the controlling principle in the world's destiny and a condition of progress. Temporary truces, called peace, lasting a few years or a few centuries, may be made when one side or the other is exhausted, but neither in conflicts of individuals nor in conflicts of nations does the temporary victory of physical force settle fundamental differences or establish the line between right and wrong.

This war is going to be settled as much by nerve force as by artillery. It is going to be a question of "staying power," or "grit" as distinguished from mere courage or bravery, which exists in equal degree among all the armies. The side that loses is going to be the side that gets discouraged first, not the side that is really beaten by physical force and weight of metal.

Birds Like City Noise and Light

There are more robins than other birds in this country, but the sparrows are almost as many. The bird census shows an average of six pairs of robins for every 58 acre farm and five pairs of English sparrows to the same territory. There are about half as many cat birds as robins, and about a quarter as many wrens, brown thrashers, kingbirds, and blue birds. The bird census shows too that birds even when they are nesting prefer being in the city or near it, or near the farm houses or barns, to remaining in the quiet of the deep woods. It is the habit of the human to think of birds as shy, but students of bird psychology are beginning to think that the little feathered brothers and sisters really like the stir and noise and rapid action of modern life, and want to get away from the deep forests where nothing ever happens.

Some people are persistent. A Washington woman leaving her first husband to go on the vaudeville stage to show how many gowns a woman of fashion needs, says that while she did not find true love in her first marriage she still believes in it and will go on seeking if she has to marry a hundred times. It is of such real explorers are made.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Why not send Gen. Scott over to Europe?—Louisville Times.  
Kilbuck's date for beginning the war is approaching—Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel.  
After the war, Gen. Carranza should get a job as claim agent for some American road.—Tulsa (Okla.) Democrat.  
No rich man gets so philanthropic that he will not argue with the equalization board.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.  
Before many years both parties will be pointing John Harberson straight to the place where they fly eyes in the air.—Yuma (Ariz.) Examiner.  
San Antonio is better off than hundreds of other large cities, in that it is not a lost art in her public schools.—San Antonio (Tex.) Light.  
From St. George and the Dragon it became St. George and the dragon, and now it is to be St. George and the water wagon.—San Francisco Chronicle.  
If Germany does not get onto the water wagon, it will be absolutely impossible for secretary Bryan to be neutral any longer.—San Bernardino (Cal.) Sun.  
Of course, when congress passed its anti-prize fight pictures law it didn't anticipate the recent glorious event down in Havana.—Dallas (Tex.) Times-Herald.  
The late editor Nelson, of the Kansas City Star, was reported as "independent but never neutral." A highly complimentary description.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel.

A Petition Is a Long String of Names Secured By a Friend Who Is Always In a Great Hurry

BY GEORGE FITCH.

A PETITION is a string of names brought around by a personal friend who is in a big hurry and "sign here, please."

After you have signed, there is no valid objection to your calling up the friend and asking him what it is all about. However, this is seldom done. It indicates a want of confidence, and everything in this country, even crops, depends on confidence.

When the compiler of a petition has secured a list of names as long as a defendant's indictment, he takes it to some public official, presents it to him and says: "We, the free and untaxed voters of this district, demand the following: And when the official sees the list of names and implacable citizens who are willing to lay down their lives for their rights, he caves in rapidly and says, 'I submit to the will of the people. State your request.'"

The right of petitions is guaranteed in all constitutions. There is scarcely a country so destitute of liberty as to forbid its citizens to prepare petitions and present them to authorities. In general, however, it has been found



"He caves in rapidly."

that when a body of petitioners possesses the divine right of suffrage,

the said petitions are much more ter-

rible than any other force. Petitions in this country are now so powerful that few legislators presume to cast their votes upon great subjects without preparing a petition in advance from their constituents. It is indeed an imposing sight to witness an obedient servant of the people casting his vote against a bill because a majority of his constituents have petitioned him to do so, while his colleague is voting nobly for it in response to an almost unanimous demand from the same body of constituents.

Petitions are very useful affairs, but the methods of signing them need considerable revision. Our constitution should guarantee the right of every free born citizen to read all petitions presented them and to refuse to sign the same in firm, loud tones, without being considered ill natured to excess. So long as the man who refuses to sign all petitions is regarded as unfavorably as the man who insists on buying his own drinks, we must expect a good deal of confusion in the midst of the faithful but timid public servant.

animal boys and had lots of fun, not scratching anyone.

"I tell you Uncle Wiggly is great! I can't tell you how good he is. He surely is," agreed Neddie Stubtail.

So this teaches us that if needles all had thumbs on them they could not prick, and in the next story I shall take pleasure in telling you about Uncle Wiggly hanging up the clothes—that is if the ice cream cone doesn't tickle the fountain pen and make it sneeze and spill ink on the table cloth.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

The Depth of Humility. To send them to the penitentiary was a heavy punishment for these election stealing Indians officials, but to send them to a Kansas penitentiary was cruel and unusual.

But There May Be. Too bad there isn't a cannery where some legislators can be sent and hermetically sealed.

To the Bitter End. A new fight has started between Bill Sulzer and Charles Francis Murphy. Allow us to announce our strict neutrality.

That's What A Fan Is For. Queen Mary's fan brought \$1050 into the war relief fund, showing that a fan can be used in more than one way to raise the wind.

"TWO PER CENT" CASE TRIED AT TOMBSTONE

Tombstone, Ariz., April 26.—Whether "two percent" is litigious within the meaning of the state prohibition law is to be decided at a session of the superior court now in progress. L. B. Brown, a Bisbee saloonkeeper, is on trial charged with selling the "two percent" which, in some prohibition states, is considered not to be liquor.

ABE MARTIN



Whitewash is a poplar spray for family trees. Th' victory at Przemsyl may have been pronounced but not in th' city.

The Daily Novelette

VIRTUE REWARDED.

Ahl! Years and years devoted, To service, thankless toil! He bugged if I would do it. Not much, and neither would you.

"SD so, sir," concluded Clayton Blackett, head bookkeeper for the Daily Disseminator, "and so, sir, I have mustered up courage to come to you. I repeat, Mr. Bismarcker, I have grown gray in your service."

Morton Bismarcker, owner of the Daily Disseminator, brushed a tear from his eye. "I know you have, Mr. Blackett," he said in a tremulous voice, "I know you have grown gray in my service, and such a rare instance of faithful service touches me deeply. When you came with us, at your present salary, twenty two years ago, Mr. Blackett, your hair was coal black. Now I distinctly see at least a dozen threads of silver."

Fifteen, Mr. Bismarcker, fifteen gray hairs," said the head bookkeeper.

"Let me count them," suggested the owner of the paper brokenly. "One, two, um, um, fourteen, fifteen, you are right, Mr. Blackett, there are fifteen gray hairs acquired in the faithful discharge of your duties. And you shall not go unrewarded. Here are two stamps. Write to Viola de Vere, the editor of our beauty column, enclosing one of the stamps in a self-addressed envelope, and she will mail to you, without charge, an infallible recipe for preserving the natural color of the hair."

His voice trembled with emotion, the head bookkeeper thanked him and withdrew to his ledgers.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggly and Neddie Stubtail"

By HOWARD B. GARIS.

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UNCLE WIGGLY LONGHAIRS, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was out taking a walk in the woods as he did quite often now that spring had come.

"Of course," said Uncle Wiggly to Nurse Jane Pussycat, the misanthropic lady who kept house for him, "I might ride in my automobile, with the German bologna sausage, dres, or in my clothes basket airship, but I think I'll walk today."

"And have an adventure, I s'pose," remarked Nurse Jane, as she tied a new pink hair ribbon on the player piano. "Oh, yes, perhaps I may have an adventure," said the rabbit gentleman. So he had started out. He had not gone very far before he heard some voices in the bushes, and most of the voices were not very pleasant ones.

"Go on away!" some little boy animal exclaimed. "We don't want you to play with us any more."

"Yes, run off and play by yourself," another voice said. "Your claws are so sharp that they scratch us."

"Hah! I wonder if they are speaking of the skillfully-seamless abnegator, with the bumps on his tail, or of the tall-tail-chimney-sweep monkey?" thought Uncle Wiggly to himself. "I had better be careful."

"Run away—we don't want you," another voice yelled. "We don't want you to play with us any more."

"Oh dear! I haven't any one to play with!" thought Uncle Wiggly.

Uncle Wiggly peeked through the bushes, and there he saw Neddie Stubtail, the little bear, and the brother of Beekie Stubtail, Neddie, were shuffling along through the woods, looking sad and lonely. Behind them, under a big tree, were two boys, Jimmie and Wiggly, wobble, the duck, and Bully and Bawly No-tail, the frogs.

"Why, Neddie, what is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggly of the little bear.

"The rabbit gentleman thought he wouldn't let the other animal boys see him for a little while."

"Oh, they don't want me to play with them," said Neddie, sitting down on a stump, and pointing his paw at the other animal boys who were having a game of ball.

"Why don't they want you to play with them?" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"They say my long claws scratch them," Neddie replied. "I'm sure I don't mean to, but I suppose when I am running after the ball, or hitting it, why, maybe my claws do tickle them a little."

"Yes, they are pretty long," Uncle Wiggly said, as Neddie stuck out his paws. But still they are fine, long sharp claws. I can see. I wonder if I could help you."

Just then, from where the other animal boys were playing ball, came loud shouts, such as:

"Oh, there it goes!"

"Up in the tree!"

"You knocked it there, Sammie Little-tail!"

"Yes, you knocked the ball up in the tree, and then it's stuck, and we can't finish the game!" cried Bully No-tail, the frog.

"Hah! Something seems to have happened," Uncle Wiggly said, with a twinkle of his pink nose.

"Yes," said Neddie Stubtail, "they've lost the ball."

"And they can't play again unless they get it, can they Neddie?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"No," said the little boy bear.

the other Bushytail brother.

"Perhaps if we throw stones up at the ball we can hit it and knock it down," suggested Billie Wagtail, the boy goat.

"Oh, let's," cried Sammie Little-tail. So the animal boys threw many stones, but the ball stayed up in the tree. I guess it was sleeping there."

"Now's our chance, Neddie," whispered Uncle Wiggly, "come out with me. The rabbit gentleman stepped from behind the bushes where he and the little boy bear had been hiding, listening to the talk."

"Here is a chap who will get your ball for you," said the rabbit gentleman. "Climb up the tree, Neddie, for you are not afraid, and get your ball."

"All right," said Neddie cheerfully. Up he climbed, sticking his long, strong sharp claws in the bark, and soon he had reached the ball, which was caught on a crooked limb. Down he threw it, and then he came down also.

"Now you boys can play ball," said Uncle Wiggly.

Sammie and the other animals looked sort of queerly at one another, and then at Neddie.

"We'd like Neddie to play ball, because he was so kind," said Sammie. "But his claws are so sharp."

"Hah! I think I can fix that!" Uncle Wiggly said.

"I don't want my claws cut off," cried Neddie.

"No, I'll not do that," laughed the rabbit gentleman. "Just stick one of these acorns on each claw, Neddie. It will be just like a thumb you see, and then your claws will be dull, and not sharp."

"And when you have finished playing ball you can take the acorns off your claws and use them for scratching bark and climbing trees."

"Oh, joy!" cried Neddie. So, with his claws made dull by acorns sticking on them, he played ball with the other

animal boys and had lots of fun, not scratching anyone.

"I tell you Uncle Wiggly is great! I can't tell you how good he is. He surely is," agreed Neddie Stubtail.

So this teaches us that if needles all had thumbs on them they could not prick, and in the next story I shall take pleasure in telling you about Uncle Wiggly hanging up the clothes—that is if the ice cream cone doesn't tickle the fountain pen and make it sneeze and spill ink on the table cloth.

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INDOOR SPORTS

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THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS MR. DOWNING (INADVERTENTLY OVERLOOKING THE MORNING OR I SHOULD SAY REDDIED IN THE ARMS OF MURDEROUS LONGER THAN IS MY USUAL WONT BUT MUST SAY IN EXPLANATION THAT I HAD BEEN JIBING UP WITH A SIX FRIEND HELPING TO DURE THE ELOOM THAT NATURALLY PERVADES SUCH A SITUATION

HE READ THAT IN SOME BOOK—HE THINKS LIKE WILKINS MICHAEL BUT THE FATHER DON'T KNOW WHEN HIS FOOT ASLEEP

JAY IF THE OLD BULL WAS ELECTRICITY THAT BOOB WOULD BE A POWER HOUSE

IF HE WAS A JAGGEMAN HED BE SELLING FLANNED WHIRLS AT THE EQUATOR

YOU SEEM TO BE A ST. THOMAS EDWIN SMITH

INDOOR SPORTS. LISTENING TO THE GUY WHO LOVES TO JIB BIG CHAPTER.

OPHELIA



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a guest at the Zeiger.

Frank Anderson returned last night from a business trip to Deming.

Hugh M. Spain, a cattleman from Presidio, Texas, is in El Paso on business.

H. C. Rawlings, of Kansas City, is visiting his brother, Dr. J. A. Rawlings.

J. A. Rawlings, of Clondroff, returned to his home today after a brief visit here.

G. A. Kaseman will leave tonight for Albuquerque to spend several days on business.

J. L. Hunter, of Alamogordo, came down today to transact business. He will remain a few days.

F. S. Thompson, agent for the Southern Pacific at Pantano, near Tucson, is in El Paso on the guest of Dr. Horner.

He will remain several days.

Mrs. Pasewitch, the German artist who has had charge of her husband's studio here for several years, has given up her business and gone to Berlin.

Col. W. C. Greene, president of the Greene Consolidated Copper company, left this morning for a trip of inspection to his properties. Mrs. Greene will remain in El Paso for a few days as the guest of Mrs. Charles DeGroot.

Spokane, Idaho, Knigh, of the Presidio county, and Wylie Moore, of Maria, returned home today. They have been in El Paso for a week as witnesses in the Smith case. Knigh has been on trial in the district court here.

Rev. C. C. Waller, former president of the college at Beaumont, came in from Beaumont for a trip of inspection, and left later for his home. Dr. Waller is a native of the Beaumont country and has been back there on a visit, and he brought home with him a bottle of oil from a gusher.

Douglas Girls Wear Cotton, Not Silkline, For Graduation Gowns

Douglas, Ariz., April 26.—A committee of senior girls at the high school here notified superintendent W. E. Lutz that the girls of the graduating class have figured they can make their graduation gowns at an average cost of \$4.

The girls are following the example of El Paso high school girls, except that they prefer cotton to silkline, believing it will be more serviceable. There are about 20 girls in the graduating class.

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WALT MASON.

Changing Fashions

THE girls have grown weary of dresses so tight that bystanders leery said they were a fright. Their skirts were so scanty I often have heard, when sister and auntie around me have stepped. None could be more helpless in plumes of steel, yet patient and yeeps they stood the ordeal; for women will suffer in silence and smile; they think 'twould be tougher to be out of style. No women have scamped or frolicked for years, their garments so hampered the lovable dears. But fashions are changing, and soon the wide gown, they say, will be ranging all over the town. Our Bessies and Annies may dig from the chest the gowns of their grannies and trot with the best. Their legs—beg your pardon! their limbs, I should say—will have a whole garden in which they may play. The fashion's improving distinctly, this year; like circus tents moving the girls will appear. And when we behold them in flounces and hoops, the silks that enfold them in tassels and loops, we'll cry, "Moly Hoses! Is Fashion gone mad? She surely discloses the craniest fad!"

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

WALT MASON.

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